1922

POEMS

BY

JOHN RANNIE.

On trembling Wings, let youthful Fancy ſoar,
Nor always haunt the ſunny Realms of Joy;
But, now and then, the Shades of Life explore;
Tho' many a Sound and Sight of Woe annoy,
And many a Qualm of Care his riſing Hopes deſtroy.

DR. BEATTIE.

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HONOURED and diſtinguiſhed as I eſteem myſelf, by the very liberal Patronage which the diſintereſted and unremitting diligence of my friends has procured me, it becomes me, perhaps, to make the moſt public teſtimony of my acknowledgements. But, to thoſe who are, themſelves, capable of the moſt generous exertions, that heart is moſt acceptable which whiſpers its gratitude in ſecret. I therefore forbear to ſay more, on the preſent occaſion, than that their goodneſs will be ever remembered with thankfulneſs and pleaſure.

Many of my Subſcribers, to whoſe commands I owe implicit obedience, have requeſted that their names may not be publiſhed.—This, it is hoped, will be a ſufficient apology to the others for theirs not having been printed.

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42	13	Church	Churchyard
66	1	my	thy

SONNET I.

TO FANCY.

O FANCY, friend of Nature and the Muſe,
With heavenly viſions charm thy Poet's eye:
Spread o'er the landſcape more attractive hues,
And tinge with brighter gold the vivid ſky.
Nor check the Youth, that boldly would aſpire
To raiſe the ſong of ſympathy and love;
But, when the fond Enthuſiaſt ſtrikes the lyre,
Let all the trembling ſtrings in concord move.
And, let the blaze of thy celeſtial fire
Wake into life the ſentiment refin'd:
For, hope deferr'd enervates the deſire,
And caſts a ſickly langour o'er the mind!

But thou to rapture can'ſt the ſpirit warm;
And give to glowing thought th' imperiſhable charm,

SONNET II.

FROM yonder rocks, that overhang the ſhore,
When ſadden'd Nature's deepeſt frowns increaſe,
I love to hear the daſhing ſurges roar,—
And view the motions of the troubled ſeas!

More pleaſure than the ſmile of ſummer gives,
Theſe horror-ſounding tempeſts bring to me;
Which with the agitated heart agree,
That droops in ſafety and in danger lives.

And ſtill the more, as o'er the cliffs I lean,
While round me the deep winds of winter howl,
It feeds the fancy of my gloomy ſoul
When night throws darkneſs o'er the dreadful ſcene.

A ſullen tranſport mingles with my care,
To find the elements in like deſpair!

SONNET III.

NOW, ſlowly o'er the ſtreaks of parting Day,
Her duſky curtain gentle Evening throws;
As through the ſhades of ſolitude I ſtray,
While ſighs the gale accordant to my woes.

Poor Philomela murmurs in the vale!
Soft on her voice the notes of ſorrow riſe;
And diſtant woodlands bear the plaintive tale,
That on the lips of ling'ring Echo dies.

Sadly ſhe breathes the woe-inſpiring lay
In all the anguiſh of deſpairing love:
Inur'd to grief, when I approach the ſpray,
Still melting throes her tender boſom move.

Penſive I liſten, while ſhe pours her moan,
And ſighing, trace a ſorrow like my own!

SONNET IV.

FROM THE SORROWS OF WERTER.

BEHOLD yon Maniac, raving in the cell!
To win a cruel maid he fondly ſtrove;
But found his care—his tender friendſhip fail,
And in oblivious madneſs loſt his love!

In frenzy wild, he gnaws the iron grate,
And, while his eyes like fiery meteors blaze,
Smiles on the bloody Ruler of his fate,
Who ſhrinks with horror from his lurid gaze!

Poor wretch! e'en in the midſt of my deſpair,
This aching heart can ſpare a ſigh for thee;
Yet buried from thyſelf thy ſorrows are,
And thou art happy when compar'd with me.

With painful memory, to increaſe my woes,
And reaſon curs'd, I would but cannot loſe.

SONNET V.

TO RECTITUDE.

FAIR child of glory! heav'n-deſcended maid!
(To patience and to virtue firſt allied,)
When dreams of comfort hope diſdains to ſhed,
And all the viſions of deluſion fade,
In thy protection I dare ſtill confide.
Thou wilt the ſpirit in depreſſion guide,
And teach my heart, when all its views are dead
To life's enchantments; ever few and poor,
The rage of Hate, Malignity and Pride,
In langour of misfortune, to endure.
And ſorrow, whereſoe'er I ſtray, is ſure
To pierce the ſolitude, and chill my ſoul
With careful thought, which ſpurning all controul,
Augments the anguiſh—Death can only cure!

SONNET VI.

TO THE DEE.

To this lone valley I was wont to ſtray,
Thro' which, O Dee, thy winding current flows;
Thy wild woods ſcreen'd me from the glare of day,
And gave the balmy bleſſing of repoſe.

Ah! often led by Cynthia's ſilver beam,
When not a cloud deform'd the azure ſky,
I ſought the flow'ry margin of thy ſtream,
And fondly watch'd the wave that wander'd by.

But now the victim of corroſive care,
Forlorn and cheerleſs, on thy banks I rove,
Purſu'd, where'er I wander, by Deſpair
The haggard offspring of neglected Love!

From grief I vainly hop'd a refuge here,
Where ſad Reflection prompts the flowing tear.

SONNET VII.

TO REFLECTION.

AH! why recal the hours that ſaw me bleſt?
Why bring the ſcenes of dear delight to view,
When Innocence, in virgin ſplendour dreſt,
Beheld the fairy forms my fancy drew?

When, void of care, I path'd the flow'ry plain,
Serene my mind as ſummer's mildeſt breeze:
Theſe vain regrets but aggravate my pain,
And all the ſorrows of my ſoul increaſe.

Thou canſt not to my woes a balm impart,
And ſnatch me from the graſp of pining care!
Nor draw her lovely image from my heart,
Whoſe cold neglect conſigns me to deſpair!

In pity to my ſufferings, then forbear
To edge, with pangs acute, the ſoul-corroding ſmart.

SONNET VIII.

TO THE MOON.

FROM OSSIAN.

QUEEN of the Night, and Daughter of the Sky!
How pleaſant is the ſilence of thy face,
When forth thou comeſt in thy lovelineſs,
And bidſt the gather'd ſhades of darkneſs fly?—

The ſtars attend thy blue ſteps in the eaſt;
And, in thy preſence, O Celeſtial Light!
The ſable-ſkirted clouds with joy turn bright
On the pure calm of heaven's etherial breaſt.

But whither doſt thou from thy courſe retire,
When darkneſs on thy waning aſpect grows?
Say, dwell'ſt thou in the ſhadow of thy woes,
And do thy tranſient joys like mine expire?

Or have thy ſiſters from thy preſence flown,
That thou retir'ſt, fair Light! to mourn their loſs alone?

SONNET IX.

TO ——.

THEE, penſive Mourner! have mine eyes explor'd,
Like ſilent Melancholy, muſe alone;
O'er the high beach, while ocean loudly roar'd;
And fill'd with tears for all thy pleaſures flown,

They trac'd the deep calamity that wears,
With heavy wrongs, Compaſſion's tender throne;
And, wak'd the pity of a ſoul that bears
Too many bitter ſorrows of its own;

Yet let the form of Mirth avoid me ſtill,
Nor dare the finer feelings to deſtroy;
I would not loſe the agonizing thrill
Of ſacred ſympathy, for ſelfiſh joy;

Nor change, for gorgeous domes, the gloomy ſhade
Wherein the ſorrowing heart is better made!

SONNET X.

TO SINCERITY.

CHASTE Patroneſs of Truth, I reverence thee!
And thou of heavenly race art ſurely ſprung;
Who keep'ſt thy conſcience ſtill from error free,
And, mak'ſt the heart the ruler of thy tongue.

Who ſcorn'ſt the expectation to controul,
When fortune ſeems to crown the hope in bloom;
When fate denies—ſtill reſolute of ſoul,
Thou ſeal'ſt with equal faith an adverſe doom.

Belov'd Sincerity! O let me bear
Thy precious tidings when they lead to joy;
But never let me thoſe dread accents hear
Which tend domeſtic pleaſure to deſtroy;

Leſt Pity prompt me thy fair path to leave;
And, with a pious fraud, the pitying heart deceive.

Tho'

SONNET XI.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF CHATTERTON'S POEMS.

THO' much I venerate the tuneful page,
Wherein the Poet's ſoul I ſeem to trace;
The Poet's hardſhips here my thoughts engage,
And much I'm griev'd that e'er he knew diſtreſs.

A ſuppliant bent to Fortune's haughty ſlave,
And e'en in that his modeſty was ſhewn,
Humbling his high-ſoul'd worth, he ſtoop'd to crave
A judgment much inferior to his own!

——— was wealthy—wealth engender'd pride;
Pride ſteels the heart when meanneſs rules the mind;
With pride the poor petition was denied,
And thence the woes of Chatterton combin'd:

When miſery heighten'd the exceſs of grief,
Till, in the fatal chalice, horror ſought relief!——

Sore,

SONNET XII.

TO THE DEE.

SORE, on thy banks, afflicted mem'ry bleeds,
Where late I paſs'd the hours of careleſs eaſe;
And, ſporting fondly on thy daiſied meads,
Drew cheering comfort from the balmy breeze:

While often paus'd thy woodland ſongs to hear,
Young Fancy, with poetic viſion fraught,
As ſoft thy ſhining ſtream meander'd near,
And lull'd in dreams of joy each tender thought.

But, like my hopes, thy ſcenes of beauty fade,
My faithleſs hopes, more tranſient and leſs fair;
While Autumn's wind ſounds hollow in the glade,
And mournful ruin marks its progreſs there!

For on its wings the ſcatter'd foliage flies;
And, all the pride of ſick'ning nature dies!

SONNET XIII.

TO A HERMIT.

LONE Dweller of the Rock, whoſe echos mourn
So deeply with the ſounds of vague complaint;
The bleſſings of thy peaceful manſion ſpurn;
Or with thy portion learn to be content.

All nature's gifts are thine: on Ocean's breaſt,
The ſilent Moon with dewy luſtre ſtreams,
And ſoon as Phoebus brightens in the eaſt,
He lights thy chamber with his golden beams,

To ſave it from the ſtorm with friendly care,
Around thy moſſy cave the wild woods tow'r,
And there the plaintive choriſters of air
Their grateful notes of adoration pour.

Lone Dweller of the Rock, to murmur ceaſe;
The cell of Solitude ſhould harbour Peace.

SONNET XIV.

FROM GESSNER'S DAPHNIS.

FLOW on, ye ſacred ſtreams of pure delight!
I meet you with a gay unblemiſh'd heart,
Which glows in virtue's cleareſt ſunſhine bright,
And ne'er ſhall from its rectitude depart.

And here, ye peaceful brooks and ſilent hills!
While I the vaniſh'd years of life review,
The retroſpect my ſoul with comfort fills;
Thank heav'n, they all with guilt unſullied flew.

As Life, drawing near and nearer to its cloſe,
Seems like the ſilent ſtream to glide away;
And fade as gently as the dying roſe,
O'er which the zephyrs ſcarcely ſeem to play:

That breathes of odours all its precious ſtore,
Drops off the languid leaves, and then is ſeen no more.

SONNET XV.

FROM THE SAME.

YE beauteous Nymphs and blooming Shepherds, love!
And kiſs the bowl which teems with generous wine,
So ſhall your hearts to joyful tranſports move,
So on your cheeks the glow of health refine.

Where thro' that arbor creeps the circling vine,
Young Bacchus (truſt me, Youth) theſe eyes ſurvey'd;
As late I ſought the haunt I deem divine,
The roſy God lay ſmiling in the ſhade.

His head upon a wine-caſk he reclin'd,
Which leaning on his knee young Cupid crown'd;
And proud was he his jolly head to bind
With choiceſt grapes in richeſt cluſters bound.

While jovial Fauns, to charm the feſtive hour,
With ſprightly Nymphs were dancing round the bow'r.

SONNET XVI.

WHILE in his features I the Tyrant trace,
Where gloomy horror frightens ſhame away,
I bluſh to ſee Humanity's diſgrace,
And Indignation heightens my diſmay.

For, e'en when Winter gave its fury vent,
And threat'ning tempeſts ſhook th'Oppreſſor's dome,
He ſpurn'd—I ſaw her weeping as ſhe went—
The gentle Delia from her lonely home.

The eye reverted on her cottage caſt,
With mild expreſſion pictur'd ſilent Woe,
As ſlowly o'er the dreary wild ſhe paſs'd,
And mark'd with painful ſtep the printleſs ſnow.

Long pauſing on the hill which bounds the view,
Moſt loath, I ween, to bid her paradiſe adieu.

Meek

SONNET XVII.

TO A LILY.

MEEK form of nature, Lily, weak and pale,
Thou earlieſt offspring of the dawning year,
Still bend on earth thy frame of texture frail,
And ſtill the look of weeping Sadneſs wear!

The blaſt of fate that Innocence muſt fear,
Which pines unſhelter'd in a gloomy vale,
And, mark'd for trial in its lowly ſphere,
Is made the cruel ſport of every gale.

So Delia lives, in ſolitude obſcure,
(But more by ſenſibility undone,)
The ſtorms of Hardſhip deſtin'd to endure,
And trembling droop in abſence of the Sun.

While pamper'd Scorn and cold Neglect combine,
To keep her wretched fortune poor as thine.

SONNET XVIII.

AGAIN Aurora pours her purple light
O'er all the ſcenes which Evening bath'd in dew,
The blooming landſcape brightens on the ſight,
And Nature wakes her melodies anew.

The blythe lark mounted high on downy wing,
With melting harmony ſalutes the Morn,
And yielding balm to all the gales of Spring,
The wild roſe bluſhes on the dewy thorn.

The gentle Tenants of the grove rejoice,
As rich in beauty Nature decks the plain:
But ah! the tuneful warblers raiſe their voice,
And vernal Nature ſmiles for me in vain.

I ſadly note their varied charms, and bear
Deep in my ſoul the Winter of Deſpair.

SONNET XIX.

AH me! how many are the ills combin'd,
In yonder hut that holds the Village Poor;
Where, ripe with miſeries of every kind,
The palſied Mourner reſts againſt the door!

In yonder hut, defenceleſs, low, and vile,
Where gloomy Sorrow and Dejection lie:
Where Indigence and Age ſink under toil,
And Anguiſh ſeems too weak to breath a ſigh!

And where the meagre Form of wan Diſeaſe,
Emits in groans the peſtilential breath,
—Aſks for the ſuffering ſoul the balm of peace,
And ſtruggling in the icy graſp of death,

Bids, in the murmurs of a feeble prayer,
Cold Reſignation mingle with Deſpair;

SONNET XX.

WHen Night advancing tow'rds the mournful noon,
With noxious vapours loads the heavy air,
And red, through hills of miſt, the rayleſs Moon
Diſplays the wintry landſcape dark and drear;

The ſadden'd forms of Nature I revere,
Which fill with tender grief my penſive mind,
As, o'er the ſummit of the cliff, reclin'd
In awful ſolitude, I brave the ſhock
Of the wild-warring Elements, and hear
The deep voice of the deſolating Wind;
Or noiſy torrent ruſhing down the Rock:
My ſoul is charm'd to ſympathy refin'd,
For the poor wretch, that muſing Fancy ſees,
Torn by the ruder tempeſts of Diſeaſe.

SONNET XXI.

INFURIATE tempeſts of the winter, roar,
Loud and more loud, the ſounds of horror raiſe;
And break, ye waves, againſt the rocky ſhore,
Till all its ruins totter from the baſe.

Ye daring winds, in majeſty more great,
(While darting death the livid lightnings ſtream.)
Daſh from your wings the Thunderbolt of Fate,
Till all the earth with wild deſtruction teem.

Let elemental war convulſe the ſphere,
Till Nature tho' complete diſorder groan:—
My agitated ſpirit ſtill ſhould own,
The heavy ſtorms of Slander more ſevere.

Your rage could only bruiſe the mortal frame,
But more inſatiate Malice ſtrives to wound the fame.

SONNET XXII.

REST from the toils of thought, my ſick'ning mind,
Give tender Fancy's fond amuſement o'er:
Nor hope the ſmile of partial praiſe to find,
In vain purſuance of Poetic lore.

For that neglect was ſtill the meed deſign'd,
And wherefore torture Memory to reſtore
The glowing ſcenes for ever left behind,
The dreams of pleaſure which return no more;

To challenge praiſe, deſert importeth nought,
While cold Injuſtice tramples Patience down;
While tainted Flatt'ry ſcreens the languid thought,
And cringing Dullneſs ſteals into renown,

The pride of conſcious Dignity to ſtain,
And rouſe averted Honour's juſt diſdain.

Amidſt

SONNET XXIII.

FROM BOILEAU.

AMIDST the tender joys of love ſincere,
I ſaw my happy days near Iris move.
Iris, who ſtill is, and was always dear,
For me felt all the force of mutual love.

When, by the heavy doom of Fate ſevere,
To kill my hopes a cruel fever ſtrove;
And, checking ev'ry pleaſure, left me here,
Eternal woes in vain regrets to prove.

Ah! when a ſtroke ſo dread o'erpower'd my mind,
To paint in that the many ills combin'd,
What bitter tears, what moving cries aroſe!
Thou, Iris, then waſt bleſt, compar'd with me.
For tho' it was thy portion life to loſe,
Alas! much more than life, I loſt in loſing thee.

SONNET XXIV.

TO THE WIND.

O MOVE, bleſt Zephyrus, on lighter wing,
For lo! on Nature's flow'ry carpet laid,
Amidſt the beauties of the glowing ſpring,
My Laura ſlumbers in the fragrant ſhade.

Let not your tuneful ſighs her reſt invade,
For whom my ſoul with ardent paſſion burns:
But ſtill with ſofteſt murmurs lull the maid,
Whoſe gentle heart the ſacred flame returns.

As, envious of the ſweet delights I feel,
You raviſh, while ſhe ſleeps, the balmy kiſs,
To thoſe dear lips with mildeſt caution ſteal,
Leſt yonder daring Lily ſhare thy bliſs!

There meekly breathe, nor wake my ſleeping love,
And I will not the tender theft reprove.

SONNET XXV.

TO LAURA.

THY dimpled Cheeks are purer than the roſe,
Thy balmy Lips like wild carnations glow,
Thy dark brown Hair in graceful order flows,
Upon a Boſom, whiter than the ſnow.

The wanton Curls I envy, and admire,
Which render all thy Beauties ſo divine,
And kiſs the ſnowy Shrines of chaſte Deſire,
Where Lovers vainly languiſh to recline.

Thy beaming Eyes that more thoſe charms adorn,
By whoſe bright radiance thouſands are undone,
Such ſplendor yield, as to the ſmiles of Morn
The cheering luſtre of the glorious Sun.

Ah! beauteous Eyes, effulgent as they move,
They warm the World with univerſal Love!

SONNET XXVI.

WRITTEN AT DUNNOTTER CASTLE.

AMID theſe ſcenes the Muſe delights to dwell!
Majeſtic, e'en in ruin, they appear;
And hoary Time, with ceaſeleſs labour pale,
Frowns o'er a gloomy deſolation here.

As deeply marking, the deſponding mind,
My waſting ſighs thro' yonder Towers reſound,
With hoarſer murmur ſwell'd the ſadden'd wind,
Still ſcatters mournful devaſtation round.

Sway'd by the tempeſt of the angry North,
(While ſlow I move thro' theſe deſerted halls,
Gay manſions once of hoſpitable worth,)
With awful din, the pond'rous fragment falls.

Fear flies, and ſhudders at its overthrow,
But ſmiling at deſtruction Danger ſtalks below!

Why

SONNET XXVII.

FROM THE FRENCH.

WHY am I doom'd unpity'd to complain?
To live the Slave of Solitude and Care?
And wherefore was I born to ſuffer pain
Too great for poor Humanity to bear?
Joyleſs to mark the Summer of the Year
Shed light, and life, and liberty, around;
To wander o'er the dewy fields, and hear
The voice of muſic thro' the groves reſound?

Dejected, feeble, helpleſs (and undone
By too profound a knowledge of my ſtate)
Why am I left, defenceleſs and alone,
Where none can lighten or lament my fate?

Protect the Child of uncontroul'd Diſtreſs,
And knowing my ſorrows, wiſh to make them leſs.

Vicege-

SONNET XXVIII.

TO MERCY.

VICEGERENT of the everlaſting God,
Whoſe throne unchanging Majeſty ſurrounds,
Whoſe preſence gilds Affliction's dire abode,
And cheers the ſorrowing wretch that guilt confounds;

As fiery Vengeance lifts the threat'ning ſword,
To cruſh the trembling Victim of his hate;
While rigid Juſtice ſeals the ſtern award,
From thee he hopes—and meets a milder fate!

Meek Angel! ſtill, with benediction mild,
Thy ſacred virtues to my ſoul convey;
And, as I wander o'er Life's barren wild,
Be ſtill the bleſt Companion of my way:

—Still from my path the fiends of darkneſs chaſe,
And purify my heart with heav'n-reflected grace.

SONNET XXIX.

YE hoary Cliffs and Precipices dire,
  Againſt whoſe baſe are daſh'd deſtructive waves,
In whoſe dread vaults the echo'd ſounds expire
  Of all the pain-fraught ſighs my boſom heaves.

Dark Witneſſes of Grief to this ſad heart
  Once more behold your pointed horrors preſt,
Which courts your ſolitudes, to ſhun the dart
  Of Malice, iſſu'd from the ranc'rous breaſt.

Majeſtic Rocks! as down each fractur'd ſide
  Your rugged ruins tumble to the plain,
To ſullen Fancy you appear like Pride
  Exonerating inſolent Diſdain.

Pleas'd that your pride is leſſen'd as they fall,
She views th' inſulted earth, like Patience, bear them all.

SONNET XXX.

TO PATIENCE.

CONSOLING Delegate of Virtue, ſtay,
And teach thy ſad Diſciple ſtill to bear,
Amidſt the gloom of dark Affliction's day,
The preſſure of Misfortune and Deſpair.

O thou, who taught him early to deride
The ſcoffing taunts of Envy's baneful crew,
When, from the deepeſt ſenſe of injur'd pride,
Bold Indignation more diſdainful grew:

The rooted Agony that foils relief,
Let not his ſuff'ring ſpirit now upbraid,
Which finds a nobler charm in ſilent grief,
Than e'er the rant of Eloquence convey'd:

While harraſs'd Nature, faint with ceaſeleſs woes,
Enjoys a ſtupor, tho' denied repoſe.

SONNET XXXI.

ON barren Deſtiny's lone deſert caſt,
Where ſolemn Silence holds a gloomy reign,
And, chill'd with harſh Misfortune's bitter blaſt,
Their native pride my ſenſes ſcarce retain:

An hopeleſs Pilgrim, faint, and worn with pain,
(The fleeting hours of mirth and pleaſure paſt)
I drag, unheeded, Life's afflictive chain,
And find each proſpect darker than the laſt.

Nor longer woo the Muſe, with tuneful art
To deck the ſhrine where tender Pity bled:
Her garlands bloom not on the aching head;
Her favours charm not the deſpairing heart

Of him who, ſunk in deep Depreſſion's gloom,
From Sorrow only hopes a refuge in the tomb.

O D E.

THE vernal landſcape charms no more,
Tho' dreſt in bloom each flow'r and tree;
For, while its beauties I explore,
In each a vain regret I ſee.
Ah! what can thoſe bleſt hours reſtore,
That ſaw me, Laura, bleſt with love and thee?

The Sun, who leaves the world in night,
Again ſhall bring the ſmile of Morn;
Again expand his radiance bright,
And Nature's blooming ſcenes adorn:
But oh! ye hours of fond delight,
I ſadly fear, ye know of no return!

O D E.

TO LOVE.

LORD of the Paſſions—all-ſubduing Love!
Great Ruler of the ſoul—in pow'r ſupreme;
Of bliſs thou mak'ſt thy Vot'ries often dream,
The wildeſt tranſports of Deſpair to prove,
Exceſſive Grief, and Agony extreme,
For thou can'ſt charm the ſenſes to thy will;
And when thy Victims loſt in ſorrow ſeem,
Send cheering Hope their throbbing hearts to ſtill,
And with Compaſſion's balm the wounds of anguiſh fill.

Thou art the greateſt Bliſs below!—
And alſo the ſevereſt Woe,
When to Deſpair by fancy driven;
But when thou woundeſt with ecſtatic ſmart,
When through the ſoul thy thrilling tranſports dart,
Thine is the firſt delight to Mortals given.

Thou only canſt the Paſſions charm,
Thou canſt the icy boſom warm;
Ambitious Rage to Meekneſs change,
And blunt the arrows of Revenge.
—Rob Pride of the diſdainful ſmile,
And ſteep in tears remorſeful Guile.
—Canſt ſilence Malice hovering near,
To wound Suſpicion's greedy ear;
Make cold Detraction check the lie,
And melt the ſoul of Jealouſy;
Who aw'd by thee, and ſpurning fear,
Would Envy's venom'd tongue defy,
And gladly ſhare again thy heav'n-born Sympathy.

Parent of Life! all-conquering Love!
In Nature's courſe to thee we move;
Thou canſt her primal ties impart,
And ope the ſluices of the Heart;
Canſt make, on Zembla's icy ſtrand,
That heart in ſcorching flames expire,
Or on Arabia's burning ſand,
The froſt of dread expel thy fire.
Nor doſt thou rule the human heart alone,
For creatures of each kind confeſs thy power,

In

In chief the Dove, who pours to thee her moan,
And the lone Miſtreſs of the vocal Bow'r,
Lamenting her loſt mate, at Twilight's penſive hour.

How often have I ſeen my Laura ſtray,
When moon-beams brighten'd on the dewy vale,
To hear thy plaintive, ſorrow ſoothing lay,
Soft-warbled by the tuneful Nightingale;
Which melancholy Songſtreſs, Poets tell,
As once to ſilence a fond ſwain ſhe tried,
Dropp'd from the ſpray in ſtriving to excel,
Tho' ſtill her little breaſt, high ſwell'd with pride,
In wild notes ſigh'd its melody away,
Till flutt'ring on the plain, th' exhauſted trembler died.

Let me again thy Pleaſures know,
Nor let me longer ſhare thy Woe;
And I will ever venerate thy name,
Again make blooming Laura bleſt.
Again make Laura bleſt, and me,
And then careſſing and careſs'd;
We grateful will devote our life to thee,
By whom, from that eternal Power we came,
Who firſt threw beaming light o'er Nature's fable frame.

Mild

ODE TO EVENING,

IN MEMORY OF A RELATION.

MILD Eve, in veil of ſober gray,
Conceal the gariſh Orb of Day;
For, ſtreaming from his parting rays,
The Skies with gaudy ſplendor blaze:
And more I love the ſadden'd hour
When Contemplation, (penſive Pow'r!)
Slow wand'ring thro' thy duſky gloom,
With downcaſt eye ſurveys the tomb,
Where deep the mournful zephyr ſighs,
While drooping hare-bells drink thy tears;
And, loſt in prime of bliſsful years,
The Form of Virtue cold and ſilent lies!

Long to her worth and friendſhip true,
The Muſe will pour the tribute due:
And Pity, bending o'er the ſhrine
Of Virtue, mingle tears with thine:
And fairy-footed Virgins bring
The earlieſt violets of the tender Spring,
And chaunting loud the ſolemn dirge of woe,
Around her dewy tomb the vernal bloſſoms ſtrew.

When

When Reſignation checks the ſigh,
And ſacred Hope explores the ſky,
As earthly viſions fade from view,
More laſting comforts to purſue;
Still o'er the grave where Virtue ſleeps,
Meek-hearted Melancholy weeps;
And ſtill, Reflection loves to mourn
Her pleaſures buried in the urn;
While, rapt in moralizing woe,
Chaſte Piety delights to paint
The merits of the blameleſs Saint,
Whoſe hallow'd duſt in mouldring earth lies low!

When all her glories ſhone confeſt,
Like yonder Sun, ſhe ſunk to reſt;
And round her grave, like yonder Skies,
The luſtres of her virtues riſe;
Which ſtill ſhall glow, in radiance bright,
When vanquiſh'd Nature ſinks in endleſs night;
And her the God of boundleſs Mercies raiſe
To ſwell the heav'nly ſounds of his immortal praiſe.

ODE TO PITY.

O! SOFT'NING Maid, of aſpect mild,
I know thee by the melting eye;
Which looks on cold Affliction's child
With ſo much ſenſibility:
While gentle Hope, thy ſiſter fair,
The balmy Comforter of human Woe,
Extracts the dart of mercileſs Deſpair,
And bids the heart with new-felt tranſport glow;
Thy tear is kind to ſuff'ring Patience giv'n,
As to the drooping plant the genial dew of Heav'n.

Afflicted Nature's woes expire,
When countenanc'd by Hope and Thee;
As all the dreary forms retire
Which Fancy gave Deſpair to ſee;
And, ſmiling o'er the couch of Pain,
Belov'd Hygeia lights the torch anew;
Who calls reflective Fancy once again,
Her long-forgotten pleaſures to review:
With healing, like the Angel, in her wings,
She o'er receding Grief oblivious ſhadows flings!

Be-

Behold, the blitheſt of her train,
The Babe that plays unconſcious near:
Alas! thine eye is fill'd again
With an anticipating tear.
Poor Innocent, he meets the glance,
Nor bids his inoffenſive ſports adieu;
Whoſe future fortunes, thrown on human chance,
So juſtly wake thy apprehenſions now,
For, though he lives unhurt by ſorrow yet,
The dang'rous ways of life with thorns are thickly ſet.

And thou, with virtues all thine own,
Canſt trace the future and the paſt:
Bewailing moſt Diſaſter's frown
When doom'd by Providence to laſt.
Of grief thou art the kindeſt friend;—
Thy trickling balſam ſooths the wounds of Care,
And thoſe of ſuch as under Ruin bend,
And preſſure vaſt of abſolute Deſpair.
Lamenting every hardſhip—every woe,
From ſoul magnanimous, thy bleſt emotions flow.

When

When Friendſhip ſhuns th' infectious breath,
And diſtant hears the plaint of Woe,
Reclining o'er the bed of death,
Thy ſoothing cares more tender grow!
I've mark'd the tear of ſilent grief,
With ſtrong expreſſion fill thy ſtedfaſt eye,
When keen Affliction, robb'd of all relief,
The ſorrowing child of cold Adverſity!
Nor wouldſt thou from the ſuffering victim part,
Till Life's exhauſted ſtream had left the periſh'd heart.

I've ſeen thee, when the Lord of Day
Sunk ſlowly on the weſtern wave,
Thro' the lone churchyard mourn thy way,
To Chatterton's untimely grave:
Too great of ſpirit to endure
The empty ſcoffs of Folly's venal crew,
Or ſupplicate of charity a cure.
For poverty his worth could ne'er ſubdue.
Indignant ſpurning the diſaſtrous ſtrife,
He burſt (in hapleſs hour) the bars of wretched life,

And oft I've ſeen thee, at the hour,
When Lovers were about to part,
Thy conſolating incenſe pour,
Upon the grief-diſeaſed heart.
And, bending o'er the drooping Form
Of woe-benighted Pilgrim, faint and hoar,
Beheld thee with thy genial influence warm
Inſenſibility of viſage frore:
Who trac'd thy feelings in the moiſten'd gaze,
Till ſhe became the fond Enthuſiaſt of thy praiſe.

O D E

TO YOUTH.

OH Youth! thou Morning of Delight,
Thy ſtreams are clear, thy ſkies are bright;
And all thy ſcenes are gay:
But ſoon thy Sportive hours are gone,
And Mortals find, they but fore-run
Age—Life's ſucceeding Day.

Youth, let me then, while yet I'm thine,
Thy pleaſures all enjoy;
Ere Age's many frailties join
The bleſſing to deſtroy.

To me the ſcenes of Life are new,
The bleſſings many—troubles few;
And Hope's a ſmiling Friend:
But Happineſs may quickly fly;
—Hope's viſionary proſpects die,
And Grief my ſteps attend.

My heart, if Love become its care,
May only breathe to ſigh;
And then—ſhould Scorn enhance Deſpair,
Each thought of Comfort die!

O D E.

I CANNOT BUT REMEMBER SUCH THINGS WERE.

SHAKESPEAR.

SCENES OF MY YOUTH! ye once were dear,
Tho' ſadly I your charms ſurvey;
I once was wont to linger here,
From early dawn to cloſing day.
SCENES OF MY YOUTH! pale Sorrow flings
A ſhade o'er all your beauties now;
And robs the Moments of their wings,
That ſcatter'd pleaſure as they flew.
While, ſtill, to heighten every care,
Reflection tells me, ſuch things were.

'Twas

'Twas here a tender Mother ſtrove
To keep my happineſs in view;
I ſmil'd beneath a Parent's love,
That ſoft Compaſſion ever knew.
In whom the Virtues all combin'd;
On whom I could with faith rely;
To whom my heart and ſoul were join'd
By mild Affection's primal tie!
Who ſmiles in Heav'n, exempt from care,
Whilſt I remember, ſuch things were!

'Twas here (where calm and tranquil reſt
O'erpays the peaſant for his toil)
That, firſt in bleſſing, I was bleſt
With glowing Friendſhip's open ſmile.
My Friend, far diſtant doom'd to roam,
Now braves the fury of the ſeas:
He fled his peaceful happy home,
His little fortune to increaſe.
While bleeds afreſh the wound of Care,
When I remember, ſuch things were!

'Twas

'Twas here—ev'n in this blooming Grove,
I fondly gaz'd on LAURA's charms,
Who, bluſhing, own'd a mutual love;
And melted in my youthful arms.
Tho' hard the ſoul-conflicting ſtrife,
Yet Fate, the cruel tyrant, bore
Far from my ſight, the Charm of life—
The lovely Maid whom I adore.
It fills my ſoul with tender care,
When I remember ſuch things were.

Here firſt I ſaw the Morn appear
Of guileleſs Pleaſure's ſhining Day;
I met the Dazzling Brightneſs here,
Here mark'd the ſoft declining Ray:
—Beheld the Skies, whoſe ſtreaming light
Gave Splendor to the parting Sun;
Now loſt in Sorrow's ſable Night!
And all their mingled Glories gone;
Till Death, in pity, end my care,
I muſt remember ſuch things were.

PROBATIONARY ODES.*

NUMBER I. IMITATION OF MISS S——D.

SOUND the Lute, and ſtrike the Lyre,
And Muſes wait attentive near;
Alas! for Warton loſt I fear,
Deep ſongs of Sorrow you require.
O ſtand not then diſſolv'd in woe,
But kindly from the blighted bough,
Take every Harp to aid me while I ſing,
The Poet Laureat loſt of our exalted King.

* The Odes which follow are, I confeſs, tinctured with a ſmall portion of ſelf-intereſtedneſs; but the Muſe of Satire, who is very apt to take ſmall liberties, acknowledges its injuſtice, and is not without hopes of being forgiven by the Perſonages whoſe manner ſhe has endeavoured to imitate, although ſhe may be thought, at the ſame time, rather too preſumptuous in attempting to copy after the moſt diſtinguiſhed Writers of the preſent age, and who, in proſe, ſhe may venture to declare, would be too modeſt to ſolicit the Butt of Sack and a Penſion.

Let

Let no ſound of mirth or pleaſure,
Dare to interrupt my woe;
While, in ſtrains of mournful meaſure,
Tributes to his memory flow:
Sad as the expiring languiſh
Of feeble Grief, and fainting Anguiſh!

O'er a ſolitary heath,
I lately heard the voice of Death,
Borne along the wailing wind;
And it ſigh'd in ſtrains divine,
"Tuneful Warton now is mine:
Now he ſhares the ſolemn Cell,
Where all departed Poets dwell;
Nor is there left on earth his like behind,
FRIEND, TEACHER, PATRON, DARLING OF MANKIND!"

Proud of man's deſtruction, Death
Stopp'd the Poet's roſy breath:
And ſhall I be ſilent now,
Nor the meed of praiſe beſtow
On the Bard, whoſe lofty ſong
Could boldeſt ſounds of matchleſs verſe prolong?

Shall

Shall I, who Elliot's vict'ries bravely ſung,
And pour'd the ſtrain of grief o'er Laura's urn,
On Andre's grave the deathleſs laurel hung,
And made the Sun with brighter ſplendor burn,
For Cook wove garlands of immortal praiſe,
And hymn'd Louiſa's woes in ſofter lays?
I who, to make Urbanus' labours ſhine,
Like tender Horace, wail'd in ſong divine——
Shall I be mute, when Warton's honour'd head
Deep in the cold, damp, ſilent grave is laid!
Nor deign to ſtrike, with true poetic fire,
The ſadly-quiv'ring ſtrings of my pathetic lyre?

Forbid it, all ye Pow'rs divine!
Forbid it, all ye ſacred Nine!
That I ſhould act ſo baſe a part,
And 'gainſt exalted merit ſteel my heart:
When I heard the Bard was gone,
Did not I thro' ſorrow groan?
Did not I, ye Muſes, ſay,
Tears of anguiſh wipe away?

Did not grave Reflection then
Pierce my ſoul with keeneſt pain?
Bards—I ſpoke it with a ſigh—
Are born to bloom, and bloom to die!

Yet all the while I never vow'd to praiſe,
Lord Sal'ſbury, fav'rite of our gracious King,
To whom Benevolence imparts
The very firſt of Britiſh hearts;
From whence a boundleſs ſtore of virtues ſpring—
Ah! no; poor Warton's recent loſs
Did all my tender thoughts engroſs;
And, fond his virtues to relate,
So ſudden doom'd to death and fate,
I have not yet had time to preſs
Solicitations for his vacant place:
Yet would not wiſh it granted to a rhymer,
While I can praiſe the King in ſtrains ſublimer,
Than e'er the heav'n-exalted Warton drew,
Who beſt of all mankind the ſoul of nature knew.

He,

He, who could paint with happeſt art,
Each various movement of the human heart,
And who, in Fame's bright annals, leaves enſhrin'd,
His Odes—a monument of worth—behind!
Where, rich with grace, with energy divine,
The pureſt gems of heav'nly Fancy ſhine,
Where moral Reaſon ſtrengthens glowing thought,
And Albion's King is to perfection brought:
And ſhall continue ſtill, upon condition,
That I to ſing his praiſes have permiſſion,
And (which material objects are to me,)
Receive the inſpiring Beverage and the Fee,
Unleſs Lord Sal'ſbury chance to lop my lay,
And ſend it back, dread Judge! like St. John's man-
gled play.

NUMBER II.

ADDRESSED TO THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

THE GHOST OF CHATTERTON.

CREST-fallen, and vanquiſh'd in his pride,
The Muſe of Orpheus is no more!
Alas! with tuneful Warton dy'd
The ſacred love of ancient lore:
Hurry'd to Elyſian plains,
With the Muſes heav'nly ſtrains,
At leaſt ſome twenty ſcore of Odes,
And ſtanding long on Lethe's ſhore,
Anxious to be ferry'd o'er
To his long loſt friend's abodes.

Great

Great Samuel Johnſon, and an hundred more,
Oft " the boat, the boat," he call'd,
And, oft the name of Charon loudly bawl'd;
But Mr Charon chanc'd to be from home,
When o'er the rolling flood the Poet meant to come.

While on the ſhady beach I ſtood,
I heard his voice of ſolemn ſound,
Moaning o'er the mourning flood,
In poetic ſtrains profound;
Which ſeem'd to chide old Charon's long delay,
That caus'd him there againſt his will to ſtay.

At which time Charon paſſing by in haſte,
Cry'd—' Chatterton,' in pleaſing tone,
' I fly to ferry o'er a gueſt,
' Whoſe verſe was ſacred to Britannia's Crown—
' A Bard, I ween, to thee almoſt unknown—
' For long 'ere Warton's merit was confeſs'd,
' Poor Chatterton was gone.'

' Can that be he,' I ſcornful cry'd,

' Who

'Who ſtrove to cruſh the Muſes pride,
'And who, by bold preſumption led,
'Tore from Rowley's reverend head
'The roſy garland of deſerv'd renown,
'Around my youthful brows to fix?
'It is the haughty Bard indeed!'
And lo! with indignation fir'd,
And generoſity inſpir'd,
I gave old Charon half a crown,
To overſet him in the Styx!

Then from Fame's proud ramparts high,
I beheld with dauntleſs eye,
Rolling o'er the boiling wave,
Warton's carcaſe—and his fame!
Floating on the ſable ſtream,
Of Oblivion's dreary grave.

Nor could I from grief reſtrain,
When I ſaw exhauſted quite,
Him who ſung in ſwelling ſtrain,
Britain's glory—Britain's might;

All

All the virtues of her King,
And his angel wife, the Queen,
The primal darling of his people's love,
Who bade each year new bleſſings bring,
And ne'er diſaſter fall between
The mighty ſervants of Almighty Jove.

My ſoul, from malice quite exempt,
Now check'd the frown of cold contempt;
And gliſt'ning tears did from mine eye-balls ſtart,
(Proving that Ghoſts can weep as well as men,)
For tender pity ſmote my heart;
And I to Charon went again,
With ſoften'd accents ſad and ſlow,
As mark the tuneful plaint of woe,
Beſeeching him for pity's ſake,
From deep Oblivion's muddy lake,
Thro' endleſs ages, to redeem
Ingenious Warton's mangled fame.

In

And I before your Lordſhip now,
In meek humiliation bow,
To crave the wreath that honour'd Warton wore—
That wreath for which a thouſand Poets ſcramble,
And honour'd Warton now will wear no more;
Nor for myſelf the garland do I claim,
But for a genuine Son of Fame—
Nay, don't, my Lord, upon my Ghoſtſhip preſs,
The Poet Laureat's vacant place,
But, as you wiſh to cheriſh real merit,
Deeming the laurel to a Bard of ſpirit,
Confer the honour upon Matthew Bramble.†

† A ſignature uſed by the late Rev. M. McDonald.

The

NUMBER III.

FOR MR. P——TT.

THE ſolemn, ſad, and awful Bell,
Has ſounded tuneful Warton's knell;
And Poets, loud lamenting, cry—
'O weak—O frail mortality!'
O maxim dread—O maxim juſt—
Bards are but children of the duſt!
The good and great—the wiſe and brave—
All, all, are food alike for the inſatiate grave!

And, ah! ſuch grief my boſom knows,
For Warton ſunk in cold repoſe,
As fill'd poor Horace with diſmay,
When brave Quintilius lifeleſs lay:
For Warton built the flatt'ring rhyme,
At once majeſtic and ſublime,
And bore from ev'ry Bard the bayes,
So well he knew to ſing great Brunſwick's deathleſs praiſe.

And now the muſe, to merit true,
Loves to bequeath the tribute due;
To wave the blooming laurel crown,
And ſound the clarion of renown,
For him, to notes of higheſt praiſe,
Who in her converſe, paſs'd his days,
Adhering to her love and laws,
Amidſt the glorious peals of popular applauſe.

But, ah! my Lord, we too muſt fall,
And ſhare the common lot of all;

Nor

Nor can the favour of our King,
Exempt us from the Tyrant's ſting:
A Ruler of ſuperior power,
And ever ready to devour,
Without regard to rank or fame,
All objects that reſpire on earth's extenſive frame.

O then, ſince Poets have their day,
Before they mingle with the clay,
As ſmall the gain for which they ſing,
And time ſteals by on rapid wing,
To make the hours in rapture paſs,
And ſhake the ſand thro' Life's dull glaſs,
Give ear unto thy Bard's requeſt,
And, with the blooming laurel, Sal'ſbury, make him bleſt.

O let, ſince Warton is no more,
The ſacred honour which he bore,
In league with Wiſdom's juſt degree,
My noble Lord, devolve to me;

And

And take me (favour'd of the King)
Safe under thy protecting wing,
To deck his brows with Glory's palm,
And pour Fame's oil thereon, like Gilead's healing balm.

And let not H—y have the place,
His Odes would Majeſty diſgrace;
A novice in the art of ſong,
Whom Malice leads, and leaves ſtill wrong;
A meagre criticiſing drone,
Who ſkims the foam of Helicon,
And whoſe dark deeds have lately been
The total ruin of poor Urban's Magazine.

But oh! my gracious Lord, to me
Bequeath the Laurel, Sack, and Fee;
And, meek of accent, tell the King,
No Bard on earth ſo well can ſing

His glorious deeds in laſting lays,
As he who now implores the Bays.
And when his countenance is given
To Worth, he likeſt is the Majeſty of Heaven!

Come

NUMBER IV.

BY MR. M'PH——N.

COME—Sons of the Song—forth from the cell of Woe. Let the harp ſound with ſtrains of grief, and the lyre ſigh to the breeze—Loſt is the pride of the Muſes, and gone the firſt of men—He paſſed the evening with his friends—but grey morn beheld him with the dead!—

Raiſe high the ſong of regret—and teach the moſt plaintive ſtrings of the harp to mourn for the care-borne Warton.

He

He was lovely in his pride, and the greatneſs of his fame is ſcattered afar.

His face was like the fair light of morning, and his hair like the raven's wing—His ſpirit was mild and ſerene, and his voice like the ſoft breath of a dying wind in the evening of Summer—His eyes, two ſtars of light that are lovely on the calm breaſt of Heaven, and his form ſtately in the Court, as the oak in the midſt of the foreſt—Raiſe the ſong for the Bard—Give his fame to the winds of heaven, and his actions to laſting renown.

Who comes leaning on the ſtaff of oak—his voice in the mountain wind?—Saliſbury, friend of the departed Warton!

He ſtops at the tomb, and raiſes his ſorrowing, voice!—The rocky hills echo round, and the trembling Bards bound away—The ſtarting ghoſts of the dead fly ſhrieking on their clouds, ſo moving is his voice when he calls upon his friend.

Great

Great is ~~my~~ thy grief, O powerful Saliſbury!—Great, indeed, is thy grief, O Chief of Courtiers!—nor ſmall thy cauſe of woe—Yet haſt thou loſt no ſon—yet haſt thou loſt no daughter of beauty—and the Bard died while his fame was about him—He fell like a tree in autumn laden with rich fruit!—

Three nights he wailed on the heath, and the ſheet was high on his breaſt: theſe eyes beheld him by the rays of the waning moon that feebly glimmer'd on the murmuring ſtream—Thrice I raiſed the voice of ſorrow—thrice I ſpoke in my grief—but he heard not the ſound, it dy'd away in the graſs of the rock, and he vaniſhed on the white cloud.

The Bard is gone, O Ruler of the Great!—returned to the land of ghoſts——the ſcenes of his youth are forſaken—found is his ſleep in the narrow houſe——and four ſmall ſtones encompaſs his grave——No more will his voice echo in the hall

No

—no more will he ſound the praiſe of the King—Pale lies the Bard in the dark habitation of his fathers——Mute is the voice of ſweet ſound, and cloſed the rolling eye!

But the Bard of Lora liveth—the Bard of Iniſthona—his equal in fame——he, who recorded the victories of the glorious Fingal, Chief of a thouſand Kings——Let him be the Bard—Lord of the high-topp'd Hatfield——Let him be the Bard choſen for renown, in room of the lofty Warton; and thou ſhalt not go without thy praiſe ——for ſtill, when he ſpeaks of the King, thy Fame ſhall be great in the ſong.

NUMBER V.

MISS M——E. *

O! for the all-tranſcendent fire,
The genius bright, the proud deſire,
Which in the glorious ſoul of Pindar glow'd,
To ſound thy praiſe, O ſacred Liege! aloud.
O let me ſeize the burniſh'd quill,
On fam'd Parnaſſus' ſacred hill,
Dropp'd from the daring eagle's wing,
And mark what mighty graces ſpring

Forth

* In the three concluding ſtanzas of this Ode, I have imitated myſelf.—See my Ode to Charity.

Forth from a heart, where all the virtues ſhine,
Beneath a head of Majeſty benign ;
And ſing till Heav'n, delighted with the ſound,
Catch the aſpiring ſtrains, and ev'ry note rebound !

O gracious Sire, divinely wiſe !
O mightieſt King beneath the ſkies !
Pure emanation of celeſtial light !
Great—glorious—grand—inimitable—bright !
Thine honour through Religion ſhines,
When Mara with Storace joins,
In choral ſongs, to ſing thy praiſe,
In Handel's notes—King David's lays ;
Which tuneful Warton to repeat forbears———
A Poet Laureat now in heav'nly ſpheres !
O then, with ſweet benevolence, decree,
In Warton's ſtead, thy Laureatſhip to me.

O King, who doſt in brightneſs move
With Charlotte, Queen of ſtedfaſt Love,
Who bids around thy throne Young Virtues riſe,
With beauty, charming ev'ry Courtier's eyes !

Tho'

Tho' ſweeter ſtrains grac'd Warton's tongue,
Than Saint or Seraph ever ſung;
And tho' his glowing Fancy caught
Whatever Art or Nature taught;
O Prince! if this ſuperior Muſe of mine
Raiſe not thy fame in numbers more divine,
An empty ſhadow may my Ode be found,
My knowledge ignorance, my wit a ſound.

Tho' his prophetic ſpirit knew
To bring futurity to view,
And tell ſtrange ſtories with a wizard's ſkill—
Stories muſt fade, and prophecies muſt fail.
O beſt of Kings! O hear me now,
And bind the laurel on my brow!
Diſpenſe the gold, divinely bright,
The wine, inſpiring rich delight,
To clear each ſenſe with their pervading rays,
And render perfect the illuſtrious lays,
Which from my fancy teem in lofty ſtrains,
To prove that Albion's King ſupreme in Albion reigns!

ODE TO CUPID.

FROM GESSNER.

O GENTLE Cupid, thou ſweet God of Love!
How bleſt are they, thy mutual joys who prove!
The Gods, that dwell in Rivers and in Groves,
All own the force of thy ſuperior pow'r;
And lonely Philomel, that ſadly roves,
Sings ſweet of thee at mid-night's awful hour.
How bleſt are they, thy mutual joys who prove;
O gentle Cupid, thou ſweet God of Love!

Love

Love ſhoots already thro' the liſping Child
That ſmiling ſings, and plays the flow'rs among;
As Nature, thro' the roſe that opens mild,
When Spring and Pleaſure lead the hours along.
'Tis only through thine influence all things move;
O gentle Cupid, thou ſweet God of Love!

They're dull that love not, as the ſtagnate Lake,
Their Life more cheerleſs than the Winter's gloom;
Or ſilent Birds whom all the Train for ſake
And barren as the Trees which never bloom.
But they are bleſt thy mutual joys who prove,
O gentle Cupid, thou ſweet God of Love!

To them who love and are belov'd again,
The ſounding ſtreams more pleaſant ruſh along;
The flow'rs have milder charms that ſcent the plain,
And every warbler ſings a ſweeter ſong;
For thy delights, the charm of life, they prove;
O gentle Cupid, thou ſweet God of Love!

Smiling

O D E.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

SMILING cherub—lovely flow'r,
Nouriſh'd in Affection's bow'r,
May'ſt thou long in beauty ſhine,
All Hygeia's bleſſings thine.

Offspring ſole—of tender love,
Image of the bleſs'd above;
To reward a Parent's care,
May'ſt thou bloom in virtue fair.

Soother ſweet of recent woe,
That a comfort could beſtow,
And afford a ſoft relief,
To the ſoul o'erwhelm'd with grief!

Still thy artleſs ſmiles diſpenſe,
Charming with remembrance, hence
From the heart, long taught to languiſh,
Every trace of bleeding anguiſh!

Let thy joyful kindred ſee,
All the virtues ſhine in thee,
Which made the Saint by all admir'd,
Who gave thee being—and expir'd!

Smiling cherub—beauteous flow'r,
Blooming in Affection's bow'r,
May'ſt thou ſtill in virtue ſhine,
All Hygeia's bleſſings thine.

The

A BALLAD.

THE Summer night was clear and ſtill;
The Sea was ſmooth, the Winds were low;
And from its ſource the village rill,
Retir'd with mournful lapſe and ſlow.
The Nightingale complain'd aloud,
The ſorrowing Dove prolong'd her moan,
And, ſmiling from the ſnowy cloud,
The Moon with ſoften'd luſtre ſhone.

The lucid Stars through azure ſkies,
All beauteous glow'd, with ſilvery ſhene;
While fair Alfreda's lovely eyes
With milder luſtre grac'd the ſcene.
As o'er a barren Rock ſhe lean'd,
And view'd the wat'ry ſwell below,
She thus her penſive boſom ſtrain'd,
With themes of recollected Woe.

'When doom'd by unrelenting Fate,
'My Charmer fled his native land,
'What agonies did love create,
'As blooming Damon left the ſtrand?
'As hov'ring o'er the veſſel's ſide,
'I ſaw the foaming billows roll,
'And ſtrength'ning breezes lift the tide,
'A louder tempeſt ſway'd my ſoul.

'I gave to Grief the tender tear,
'Which melted on my Damon's heart,
'As ſtruck on my aſtoniſh'd ear,
'The dreadful ſignal of "Depart."

'En-

'Encircled in his fond embrace,
'I ſtrove to lengthen our adieu,
'Till from that ſhrine of matchleſs grace,
'Forc'd by a rude unfeeling crew.

'And ſwift, unheld by love's controul,
'O'er breaking waves the veſſel flew,
'I ſaw the Day-ſtar of my ſoul
'Decline from my enquiring view.
'My eyes, while faſt he urg'd his flight,
'Purſu'd the object of their care;
'My tearful eyes purſu'd, till ſight
'Was loſt in undiſtinguiſh'd air!'

While

THE BANKS OF THE YARROW.

WHILE the Moon-beams all bright,
Give a luſtre to Night,
I weep on his Dwelling ſo narrow;
And high o'er his grave
The willow-trees wave,
Who died, on the Banks of the Yarrow!

'Twas under their ſhade
Hand in hand as we ſtray'd,
He fell, by the flight of an arrow;
And faſt from the wound,
His blood ſtain'd the ground,
Who died, on the Banks of the Yarrow!

Now

Now lonely I move
Thro' the Lab'rinths of Love,
Whoſe echoes ſigh deep with my ſorrow;
I mourn—but in vain]
I ſigh for the Swain
Who died, on the Banks of the Yarrow!

As wildly I rave,
And look on his grave,
Diſtraction my ſoul ſeems to harrow:
And bleſt were my doom,
Could I ſink in his Tomb,
Who died,—on the banks of the Yarrow!

Oh

SONG.

TO LAURA.

OH Laura! idol of my ſoul!
Thy abſence wakes a thouſand fears;
And ſlow the penſive moments roll,
That all are number'd with my tears.

The hours, while diſtant far you ſtray,
I chide with unremitting ſighs;
In grief, I waſte the cheerleſs day,
And night my wonted reſt denies!

In

In fancy, only, doom'd to ſee,
The Charm my fondneſs early ſought;
My every wiſh combin'd in thee,—
Thou Image of my every thought!

Return, my drooping heart to cheer,
In pity to my woes, return:
My ſoul the gloom of Night muſt wear,
Till, in thy ſmile, ſhe meet the Morn!

SONG.

OH Hope! ſweet ſoother of the ſoul,
With kindneſs look on me:
Still guiding with thy mild controul
The heart which leans on thee.

The preſent how ſhould I endure,
Which teems with dire diſmay,
Did not the future ſerve to lure
Each penſive thought away!

There's

SONG.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CORNEILLE.

THERE's nought in Nature to admire,
So bright as dear MELETA's eye:
There's nought ſo ſtrong as my deſire,
So ſacred as my loyalty.
Pure, as her virtue, is my flame;
And I were bleſt, would ſhe approve;
Unmatch'd in beauty and in fame,
She's all in Charms that I'm in Love!

To wear her image from my mind
I often mingle with the Gay;
With Pleaſure's Train, in folly join'd,
I ſeek for peace—and find diſmay.
Tho' ſhe delights in giving pain,
Unkind and cruel to my love,
A firm adherence I maintain;
For nought my conſtancy can move.

Why is the treaſure of my care
Cold as the aſhes of the Urn?
And why, when deaf to every pray'r,
Do I for fair MELETA burn?
As love and merit, are among
The bleſſings, which the Gods beſtow:
The merit doth to her belong;
But, with the love, I only glow!

SONG.

THE modeſt Violet of the Vale,
Gives fragrance to the vernal gale ;
And blooms, the beauty of the dale,
Each lovely ſcene adorning :
As ſweet a Flow'r as Flora rears,
The Violet of the Vale appears ;
And, while it greets the Sun in tears,
It beautifies the Morning.

But,

But, ah, its tender ſtalk is frail!
And trembles with the ſlighteſt gale:
Should tempeſts, pitileſs, aſſail
The Flow'r—its beauty ſcorning,
The humble Violet would be found
No longer ſhedding glories round,
But Night ſee levell'd with the ground
The Flow'r that grac'd the Morning.

O LAURA! Nature's meekeſt Flow'r!
Thou Violet of the preſent Hour,
Why doſt thou triumph in thy pow'r,
And fly, my paſſion ſcorning!
Sweet maid! conſider, ere too late,
And, in the Violet's, read thy fate:
The charms are of as tranſient date
Which grace thy ſmiling Morning.

SONG.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

"BUSK ye, buſk ye, my bonny bride,"
' And dry your eyes with anguiſh ſtreaming;
' For our approach all eyes on Clyde
' Are now with expectation beaming;
' We'll there enjoy the merry day,
' (And here your days are dimm'd with ſorrow,)
' There paſs in love the hours away,
' And think nae mair on gloomy Yarrow."

How

" How can I buſk a bonny bride,
Or how can I refrain frae weeping,
When he is toſs'd on Ocean wide,
Wha has my waefu' heart in keeping.
Ah, lang, lang, maun I view with pain,
The ſtream made bitter with my ſorrow;
And, for his coming lang, in vain,
Look frae the flow'ry braes of Yarrow.'

" Yet leave me ſtill, a weeping maid,
By Yarrow's lonely waves to languiſh;
For, ſooner than conſent to wed,
The grave ſhall bury a' my anguiſh:
Tho' Apprehenſion's ſhadows gloom
Dark o'er the Night of deep'ning Sorrow,
Yet true to love I'll preſs the tomb;
And him that won my heart on Yarrow."

SONG.

TO A WHITE ROSE.

MEEK bud of Beauty, leave the Bow'r,
Nor longer there thy fragrance blend:
To LAURA go, thou ſweeter Flow'r
Than e'er the blood of BEAUTY ſtain'd!*

Yet boaſt not vainly, when careſs'd,
Thy colour pure, thy fragrance fine;
Her Boſom is more ſweetly chaſte,
Her Breath,—an odour more divine!

* Venus, according to OVID, when flying in purſuit of Adonis, run the thorn of a Roſe-tree into her foot; by which accident, its flower was changed from the original colour to a moſt beautiful red.

SONG.

I TOLD my Charmer, that of wealth
Tho' little was my ſtore,
I ſtill would ſtrive, while bleſt with health,
To make that little more.
Content ſhould, thro' my labour, ſmile,
And every care remove;
If ſhe—the ſolace of my toil,
Would bleſs me with her Love!

Her lily hand I ſoftly preſt,
And kiſs'd the falling tear;
A ſigh of pity heav'd her breaſt,
Which ſpoke the ſoul ſincere.
That ſpotleſs ſhrine, where Virtue lies,
May Pity ever move!
But, in her luſtre-ſtreaming eyes,
I found expreſſive Love.

SONG.

TO LAURA.

THE Youth is moſt ſupremely bleſt,
Who freely may his flame avow,
When o'er thy features, beam confeſt,
Approving Paſſion's tender glow.

He then may ſteal from lips divine,
Delicious ſweets—yet be forgiv'n;
And near the ſnowy breaſt recline,
Of melting Beauty's bliſsful Heav'n!

SONG.

TO JULIA.

GO, Julia! go, enchanting Maid,—
From Damon bear thy heart away;
With thine be Melvin's worth repaid,
Nor let my grief thy purpoſe ſway.

May he, deſerving of the prize,
To charm thee every power employ;
When I'm expell'd the paradiſe,
Wherein I hop'd eternal joy.

My

My heart, ſtill anxious in thy fate,
Muſt Julia's better choice approve:
But, ah! the tear of deep regret,
Will tremble in the eye of Love.

Yet when the ſtorm of Grief is o'er,
I'll court his love who merits thine;
For tho' I muſt thy loſs deplore,
I dare not at thy good repine.

When fortune leads me to the ſpot,
Where all my hopes were overthrown,
I'll triumph in thy happier lot,——
And in thy fate forget my own.

Re-

SONG.

REMEMBRANCE, wherefore ſtill combine,
With deep Deſpondence, to reſtore
The Image of the Nymph divine,
Whoſe loſs I'm deſtin'd to deplore?
To render my affliction leſs,
Thine aid can now no charm impart;
For muſing on departed Bliſs,
With keener torture rends the heart.

And, ah! the Univerſe appears,
To me a lonely deſert now;
Where tender Friendſhip never cheers,
The long—ſad Pilgrimage of Woe!
Hope ſhuns the gloom of Sorrow's Night,
No reſpite to Deſpair is given:
The Star, which to my ſoul was light,
Too early vaniſh'd into Heaven!

When

SONG.

WHEN Morning ſhed her dewy light,
The Roſe a gaudy bloom diſplay'd;
And, while its beauties charm'd the ſight,
Along the gale its fragrance ſtray'd.

Unſtable Flow'r! far too profuſe,
Of glories doom'd to ſwift decay:
The froſt of Eve its pride ſubdues,
And ſhakes the languid leaves away!

Meek

SONG.

TO LOUISA.

MEEK Daughter of Deſpondence, ceaſe
To pierce my ſoul with fruitleſs ſighs;
Why ſhould his Image break thy peace,
Whoſe heart thy Reaſon muſt deſpiſe?

O ſpurn the mercenary Slave,
With graceful pride, and high-ſoul'd ſcorn;
I'll charm the wound his Falſehood gave,
And ſooth the heart with anguiſh worn.

Thy ſilent look for pity pleads,
With more than eloquence divine;
And, whilſt my own affliction bleeds,
I bear the keeneſt pangs of thine!

Thou

SONG.

TO ILLIUS.

THOU, Illius, canſt with tranſport view
The Sun his golden courſe renew;
And mark him to perfection bring
The beauteous progeny of ſpring:

Thou gladly canſt the mountains climb,
To trace the Awful and Sublime;
And hear, againſt the rocky ſhore,
The reſtleſs Ocean's ſolemn roar:

Thou

Thou canſt, with tender joy, behold
The flow'rs their ſilken leaves unfold;
And when the warblers raiſe their voice,
Give ear, O Illius! and rejoice.

Yet I am mov'd by none of theſe,
For ſhe, who made ſuch objects pleaſe,
Is low, in earth's cold boſom, laid;
And, in my heart—all joy is dead!

LORENZO.

AN ELEGY.

YE Valſies to which I complain,
Now trac'd with the tear-ſtreaming eye,
I know that my ſorrows are vain,
Yet love to indulge the fond ſigh!

To muſe on the days that are flown,
To think, deareſt LUCY, on thee!
My heart muſt be cold as thy own
Ere loſt the remembrance can be.

When Summer, in beauty array'd,
Shone here with a ſplendor refin'd,
In thee all its charms were diſplay'd,
In thee all its beauties conjoin'd.

O Thy

Thy ſmile, to its luſtre ſerene,
The glories of Eden reſtor'd:
Whoſe death gave a damp to the ſcene,—
Whoſe Death will be ever deplor'd!

Who roſe, the ſweet Flow'r of Delight!
Of Nature's perfection, in bloom:
Now loſt in the confines of Night,
—Conceal'd in the ſhade of the Tomb!

In whom Love and Friendſhip I found;
Heart-piercing reflection to me!
O LUCY—each object around
Reminds thy LORENZO of thee.

The Winter now frowns on the year,
And loudly the hurricanes howl;
How lov'd!—for a ſemblance they bear
To the tempeſts that rage in my ſoul!

All Nature is ſadden'd to woe,
The ſongſters no longer are gay;
Dejected they ſit on each bough,
And mourn o'er the ſeaſon's decay!

But

But Nature again ſhall rejoice;
And Spring all its beauties reſtore;
The ſongſters again raiſe their voice,
In melody ſweet as before!

The ſcene that ſo gloomy appears,
Again ſhall its brightneſs reſume:
Yet I ſhall explore it in tears,
Nor raiſe my ſad hopes from the tomb!

The Sports of the Village I wave;
No longer endearing to me:
O Lucy—my ſoul's in thy grave,
My wiſhes all center in thee!

How

ELEGY.

TO MARIA.

BY A FRIEND.

HOW can the treaſure of thy ſmiles be bought,
Or how, MARIA, can I gain thy love?
O ſay, fair Saint! and quicker far than thought,
I'll fly the ardour of my flame to prove.

Could the warm ſtream—the fountain of my life—
MARIA's ever ſacred wiſh fulfil,
I'd ruſh with tranſport upon mortal ſtrife,
And die with pleaſure to complete thy will.

Yet

Yet when my Conſtancy expires in death,
—The only pow'r that now can quench my flame—
When Faith's extinguiſh'd in the lateſt breath,
And Love's laſt accent dies upon thy name!

Thy flinty breaſt—thy harder heart than ſteel,
Now void of pity, ſhall lament my fate;
Yes, ev'n MARIA's frozen breaſt ſhall feel,
And new-born pity ſhall ſucceed to hate.

Thy melting eyes ſhall pour the fruitleſs tear,
And heaving ſighs ſhall ſpeak thy ſorrows vain,
When, pale and lifeleſs, on th' untimely bier,
Thou view'ſt the Victim of thy cold diſdain!

PSALM CXIV.

WHEN Moſes gave the bleſt command
To Iſrael's choſen ſeed,
And, from the dark Oppreſſor's land,
The Sons of Jacob freed;

He led them, where their kingdoms lay,
To Iſrael's hallow'd ground;
And, ſafe from foes, in Judah, they
A ſanctuary found:

Be

Before the ſervants of the Lord
The trembling Ocean fled :
And, Jordan, parting at their word,
A ſudden paſſage made:

The awe-ſtruck Mountains alſo paſs'd
Swift as the bounding Rams:
The little Hills, with fearful haſte,
Skipp'd after them like Lambs.

O wherefore, Sea, in this extreme,
Fledſt thou thine oozy bed ?
And ſay, O Jordan! why thy ſtream
Recoil'd with awful dread ?

What mov'd you, O ye Mountains high,
To leave your fix'd abode ?
And you, ye little Hills, to fly
Before the Hoſt of God ?

Earth tremble, and in deep diſmay,
Confeſs the Power Divine:
To Jacob's God the homage pay—
For Jacob's God is thine.

His Preſence from thy yielding frame,
Could living waters bring;
At which, the melting Rock became
An everlaſting ſpring!

In.

INSCRIPTIONS.

Written on a Druid's Seat, in the Grove of a Garden ſituated on the banks of the Dee near Aberdeen, and principally ſuggeſted by the tender and pathetic verſes which are inſerted as a Note below,* and by the other Inſcriptions (ſubjoined with the following Notes) written by the Owner of the ground—a Gentleman whoſe taſte is equalled only by his liberality and benevolence.

INSCRIPTION I.

SHADE of the Bleſt! to thy retreat,
I ſlowly ſteal, a penſive gueſt;
And, near thy low ſequeſter'd ſeat,
The ling'ring hours of ſorrow waſte!

Shade of the Bleſt! tho' loſt to peace,
To me the ſcene will ſtill be dear;
While Nature's firſt enchantments pleaſe,
And all her graces flouriſh here. Where

* DRUID, permit a Pilgrim here to reſt,
In peace, upon the ſeat inſcrib'd to thee;
Whoſe weary wand'rings ne'er ſhall be expreſt,
To giddy throngs, or vulgar ears, by me.
But to thy quiet grove I'll oft retire,
To chaſe the ills of Life far from my view;
Till, when my griefs ſhall in a ſigh expire,
I bid the world and thee a laſt adieu!

Where Liberty erects a throne;*
And liberal Worth with Freedom moves;
And Virtue girds her magic Zone,
To reign the Guardian of the groves.

And

* On a pedeſtal of Granite is placed a Vaſe, ornamented with lions heads and drapery, which bears the following Inſcription.

Sacred to LIBERTY.
And
The REVOLUTION 1688.

READER!
Cheriſh, with Gratitude to Heaven,
The Recollection of An Event,
Which reſcued theſe Kingdoms
From a Tyranny
That had nearly extinguiſhed
Every portion of
Civil and Religious Liberty,
And,
Under the Influence of Providence,
Led to the Eſtabliſhment
Of a Government
By equal Laws,
Founded in the Conſent of the People,
The beſt Security for
Freedom and Happineſs.

And Friendſhip,† Pity, Praiſe, and Love
Of human Weal, attention claim;
That honour and eſteem to move,
Which lead to fair and laſting Fame!

On

† On an Obeliſk of Granite is the annexed Inſcription, ſacred to Friendſhip.

In Teſtimony
Of the moſt ſincere Reſpect
And Affection,
And of a Friendſhip,
Which he who records it
Eſteems his higheſt Honour,
This Stone is inſcribed with the Name of
LORD GARDENSTON;
Who,
To Genius and Abilities
Eminently uſeful to his Country,
And ornamental to Society,
Happily unites a Diſintereſtedneſs,
Liberality, and Munificence,
Which render him, at once,
A Bleſſing, and an Example,
To Mankind.

INSCRIPTION II.

ON yonder Bank, with moſs o'ergrown,
The Druid's humble Manſion roſe;
And, underneath this hoary ſtone,
The Druid lies in cold repoſe!

In ſolitude he drew his breath,
Till age had ſilver'd o'er his hair;
Then ſought the Solitude of Death—
And in Oblivion buried care.

INSCRIPTION III.

O DRUID! to thy fairy grove,
Ere Fancy lead my ſteps again,
To view the ſcene where early Love,
And harmleſs Mirth began their reign;

I'll urge the owner of thy ſhade,
Whoſe goodneſs no ceſſation knows,
To raiſe the Tomb where thou art laid,—
And deck the ſcene of thy repoſe!

And near the ſpot, with plaintive ſound,
Shall ſtray the ſilver waves of Dee;
And every breeze, that murmurs round,
Shall bend the graſs that grows o'er thee.

And there the ſweeteſt Lark ſhall ſing;
And there the proudeſt Oſiers wave:
And there the meekeſt flowrets ſpring,
In beauty, o'er thine honour'd grave.

And there the gentle Muſes frame,
The ſofteſt ſtrains of tender rhyme;
To ſave, from cold neglect, thy name,
Thro' periods of remoteſt time.

INSCRIPTION.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY.

IF native Dignity, with grace refin'd,
The gentleſt manners, and the pureſt mind;
If Piety, with high inſtruction grac'd,
That glorious inmate of the virtuous breaſt;
If chaſte Benevolence—Affection mild;
If melting Pity for Misfortune's child;
If filial Fondneſs, if the tendereſt Love
And trueſt Friendſhip admiration move:
O deeply mourn Perfection's proudeſt boaſt,
The fair poſſeſſor of theſe Virtues, loſt;
Nor check the tender ſigh—the holy tear,
Meek Pity's beſt Diſciple ſlumbers here!

THE END.

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